

# THE WASHINGTONIAN.

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Strictly Teetotal, and Exclusive of all Matters of a Political or Sectarian Character, and of all Advertisements of Intoxicating-drink-selling Establishments.

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lowest rates.

## POETICAL FOUNT.

"Here Nature's minstrels quaff inspiring draughts."

From the Western Washingtonian.

The following glowingly painful, but accurate, descrip-  
tion of a drunkard's miseries, were written by ROCK-  
WELL, a poet who died ere the noon of life, which  
we find in an old scrap book. We see, in the bitter-  
ness of anguish which runs through these lines, a  
vivid recollection of the destitution and wretchedness  
brought upon an estimable mother, and an interest-  
ing group of worse than half orphaned brothers and  
sisters, by the drunkenness of a father.

## THE INTEMPERATE.

"Pray, Mr. Dram-drinker! how do you do?  
What in the world is the matter with you?  
How did you come with that bruise on the head?  
Why are your eyes so terribly red?  
Why do you mutter that infidel hymn?  
Why do you tremble in every limb?  
Who has done this? Let the reason be shown,  
And let the offender be pelted with stone!"  
And the dram-drinker said, "If you listen to me,  
You shall hear what you hear, and shall see what you  
see."

"I had a father; the grave is his bed.  
I had a mother; she sleeps with the dead.  
Freely I wept when they left me alone—  
But I shed all my tears on their grave and their stone.  
I planted a willow—I planted a yew—  
And left them to sleep till the last trumpet blew."

"Fortune was mine, and I mounted her car;  
Pleasure from virtue beckoned me far—  
Onward I went as an avalanche down,  
And the sunshine of fortune was changed to a frown!"

"Fortune was gone—and I took to my side,  
A young, and a lovely, and beautiful bride;  
Her I treated with coldness and scorn,  
Tarrying back till the break of the morn;  
Slighting her kindness, and mocking her tears—  
Casting a blight on her tenderest years:  
Sad, and neglected, and weary, I left her—  
Sorrow and care of her reason bereft her—  
Till, like a star, when it falls from its pride,  
She sunk into the bosom of misery and died."

"I had a child, and it grew like a vine;  
Fair as the rose of Damascus was mine;  
Fair—and I watched o'er her innocent youth,  
As an angel from Heaven would watch over truth.  
She grew like her mother—in features and form—  
Her blue eye was languid—her cheek, too, was warm.  
Seventeen summers had shown on her brow,  
The seventeenth winter beheld her laid low!  
Yonder they sleep in the grave, side by side—  
A father—a mother—a daughter—a bride!"

"When they had left me, I stood here alone,  
None of my race or my kindred was known:  
Friends all forsaking, and hope all departed,  
Sad, and desponding, and desolate hearted;  
Feeling no kindness for aught that was human,  
Hated by man, and detested by woman—  
Bankrupt in fortune, and ruined in name,  
Onward I kept in the pathway of shame:  
And, till this hour, since my daughter went down,  
My brow has but known a continual frown."

"Go to your children, and tell them the tale;  
Tell them his cheek, too, was lividly pale;  
Tell them his eyes are all bloodshot and cold;  
Tell them his purse was a stranger to gold;  
Tell them he passed through the world they are in,  
The victim of sorrow, and misery, and sin;  
Tell them, when life's shameful conflicts are past,  
In sorrow and anguish he perished at last."

## CLOSING ODE.

Good night, good night, to every one,  
Be each heart freed from care;  
May every Brother seek his home,  
And find contentment there.  
May joy beam with to-morrow's sun,  
And every prospect shine—  
While wife and friends laugh merrily,  
Without the aid of wine.

Without the aid of wine, my friends,  
Without the aid of wine;  
While wife and friends laugh merrily,  
Without the aid of wine.

SINGULAR TREE IN NEW ZEALAND.—One  
of the most extraordinary trees in the forest of  
New Zealand is the rata, which, originating  
in a parasite, grows to such a size as to rank  
amongst the giants of the forest. It first makes  
its appearance in the form of a tender vine;  
climbing the trunk of some large tree with its  
tendrils, and growing both upward and down-  
ward, and increasing in bulk at the same time.  
After a while the parasite, having killed the  
parent trunk, establishes itself upon its root,  
sends forth numerous branches aloft which  
again send forth aerial roots clasping the neigh-  
boring trees, and ultimately the rata occupies  
a larger space than any tree in the forest. It  
is under this tree that the vegetating caterpillar  
is found. The rata is the Metrosideros robusta  
a very handsome plant, and of singular habits  
by no means satisfactorily explained.

## From the Alexandria Gazette. GREAT MEETING OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The presentation of a "Banner" to Har-  
mony Division No. 2, S. of T., was an interesting  
affair, witnessed by at least two thousand per-  
sons. Fears were entertained, during the  
morning, that the anticipated meeting would  
be marred on account of portending rain. But  
at noon the clouds melted away, and the laugh-  
ing sunshine burst forth, as if it would fain  
smile on the evening exercises, and be in uni-  
son with so many joyous hearts. At 2 o'clock  
Harmony Division, numbering 110 members,  
marched through several of our principal  
streets, headed by a fine band of music, whose  
soul-stirring airs, in connexion with the ap-  
pearance of the Order, made every heart leap  
with gladness—and then proceeded to the  
Canal, in order to receive visitors from George-  
town and Washington; after which the line  
of march was again formed, when they moved  
from thence to the market square. Order hav-  
ing been requested by the marshal, Mr. Robt.  
M. Larmour, the Rev. Job Guest commenced  
the exercises with prayer, at the conclusion of  
which, a song by members of the "Order" sil-  
enced the hum, occasioned by so many rest-  
less spirits congregated, and prepared the way  
for the presentation. Then came the "Banner,"  
to which all eyes were directed; and as it was  
first elevated, and its spotless folds thrown to  
the breeze, all hearts seemed to throb with  
joy. The Rev. J. N. DANFORTH prefaced the  
giving of the Banner with the following re-  
marks:

In the name of the Ladies of Alexandria, I  
present you with this BANNER—the result of  
their toil and liberality—the evidence of their  
profound interest in the cause of Temperance.  
It is not the symbol of war—it bears no in-  
scription of hostile defiance; it is not destined  
to be unfolded on the field of battle, to wave  
at the head of regiments drawn up for the  
deadly strife; or, stained with human blood,  
to be trampled in the dust of the ensanguined  
plain. It is not the standard of a political  
party, seeking in its triumph the prostration  
of its opponents. It is not the banner of a fac-  
tion, burning with a selfish and insatiable am-  
bition to rule in the State. It is a standard  
for the Sons of TEMPERANCE, prepared by fair  
hands and gentle hearts, for the encourage-  
ment and use of those, who, in our communi-  
ty, have embarked in this sacred cause.

That inverted goblet which crowns the sum-  
mit of the banner, not only symbolizes the doc-  
trine of perpetual reunciation, but seems to  
bid you spare no efforts until every cup shall  
be drained, and every fountain of liquid fire  
exhausted. This urn of pure and translucent  
water, so beautifully painted, exhibits that  
substitute for the fiery beverage, which all true  
temperance men receive. The altar which  
forms the base of this urn, is the altar of TOTAL  
ABSTINENCE, signifying that this alone is the  
true basis of the temperance cause. Here is  
Hygieia, the imaginary goddess of Health, rais-  
ing her eyes to Heaven in devout gratitude for  
the blessings that have descended from Heaven  
to Earth, through the channel of Temperance.  
She is attended by two Sons of Temperance,  
whose habits may be seen in the ruddy glow  
of their cheeks, and the manly vigor of their  
limbs. But what form is that below, bending  
with weakness, bowing as if with premature  
age, with bloated face and bleared eyes—with  
tangled hair and tattered garments—an object  
of disgust and yet of pity—who is it? It is the  
ruined drunkard, struggling to rise! See, he  
has indignantly broken the bottle, whose in-  
spiration was DEATH. He has wounded the  
venomous serpent, that lay coiled in the spark-  
ling glass, and whose sting he has so often  
felt. There it lies, ready to be crushed by his  
heel, while with an imploring attitude, and an  
anxious heart, he looks for some deliverer—he  
waits to feel the pressure of some friendly  
hand, and to hear the tones of some encourag-  
ing voice. It is the crisis of his fate. At this  
perilous moment, when life and death seem to  
join in fearful struggle, behold the Son of  
TEMPERANCE unrolls the Pledge, and invites  
the wretched drunkard to sign, and be free and  
happy, to be redeemed, regenerated, and disen-  
thralled.

Now reverse the picture. Behold the in-  
scription: "Hope leads, Love unites, Faith  
strengthens us." Or, if we contemplate the  
symbolical colors that are blended in the rosette,  
and distributed through the standard—the red,  
the white, and the blue, we are reminded of  
the mutual love, the moral purity, and the in-  
corruptible fidelity, which binds the members  
of this association, as with a three-fold cord  
that cannot be broken.

Accept, then, Sons of Temperance, this  
beautiful Standard, which I have the honor to  
present in the name of the fair Ladies of  
Alexandria, surpassed by none, either in per-  
sonal accomplishments, the virtues of domestic  
life, or the refined sensibilities of tender  
and generous hearts. Let the smile of beauty,  
that accompanies the gift, cheer your labors.  
If, in the desolating flood of intemperance  
which has swept over the land, woman has  
been the chief sufferer, she is willing, in her  
sphere, to be the chief laborer; and her's shall  
be the chief joy at the deliverance of the en-  
slaved. She bids you go on—gather fresh lau-  
rels in this field—multiply your bloodless tro-  
phies—rescue the wretched—bind up broken  
hearts—release the captives; give back to the  
weeping wife her long lost husband—restore  
to those innocent, suffering children, their ex-  
iled father; then hear her thanks, and their  
shouts of joy, for what, under God, you have  
been permitted to do. The thoughts of day  
will be more pleasant—the repose of night  
more sweet—the sleep of death more peace-  
ful, and eternity itself more glorious. In the  
words of that spirit-stirring song of the Star-  
spangled Banner, which rings upon the Amer-  
ican heart like the sounds of a trumpet, I  
would say—

That TEMPERANCE Banner, oh long may it wave,  
O'er the land of the FREE and the home of the brave.

To this Mr. T. N. DAVY replied:  
In receiving this banner from you, reverend  
sir, in behalf of the ladies, as illustrative of

their regard for the institution of which I am  
honored in being a member, and their repre-  
sentative on this occasion, permit me to offer  
them that which will be more enduring, and  
I am sure more gratifying than a wreath of  
roses, or all the pageantry and show of earth  
—the unfeigned gratitude of an hundred  
hearts. And we do not feel thus excited  
on account of the rich material, elegant de-  
sign, or splendid execution. These, in them-  
selves, are valuable enough, and must elicit  
the admiration of this vast concourse; but it  
is the MOTIVES which prompted—the philan-  
thropy which executed—and the LOVE for the  
institution, whose principles they have so beau-  
tifully shadowed forth. It is this which in-  
vests it with all its importance—it is this  
which blends with the artist's penciling the  
richest, choicest tints, and seems to throw over  
the whole the sun-light of heaven—and it is  
this which sends a thrill of joy through our  
bosoms; because we know that if woman's  
approbation rests upon an object, in opposition  
to the prejudices of the world, it must, it will  
succeed. Why they have selected the poor,  
despised "Nazarenes," from whom no good,  
it was thought, could come, as being worthy  
of their benisons, and in spite of the unmerited  
censure so kindly lavished upon us, have thus  
openly declared their approval of our acts, is  
a matter of surprise and pleasure. But it only  
shows woman's adherence to right principles,  
in sunshine and storm. It reminds me of a  
beautiful sentiment of the poet, showing her  
fidelity and constancy in the days of him who  
spoke as never man spoke:

Not she with traitorous lips the Saviour stung,  
Not she denied him with unholy tongue;  
She, when apostles shrunk, could danger brave,  
Last at the cross, and earliest at the grave.

Has woman won for her fair brow garlands  
steeped in immortality because of her devotion  
to her country's welfare, and the interests of  
her race? She has. For when the young  
eagle of the first republic battled with the an-  
gry war-cloud, the Grecian mothers led their  
sons to the altar of their country, and freely  
offered them up to the spirit of liberty—when  
the vine-clad hills of France trembled beneath  
the stamping of the iron-hoofed war horse,  
'twas woman who seemed prompted by the  
arbiters of nations, who pierced the black storm  
cloud with her more than magic wand, and  
brought down the red thunderbolt harmless  
at her feet—when the wrongs of an op-  
pressed people in the western world cried for  
vengeance, and our proud bird, beneath whose  
golden wings we now stand, struggled to be  
released from her chains and thralldom—'twas  
woman who was the first to make sacrifice for  
her bleeding country; and although the thun-  
der of every cannon brought death to her own  
home, yet she hailed its hoarse voice with joy,  
for its dying echo spoke of "life, liberty, and  
the pursuit of happiness;" and then she went  
forth into the field of carnage to bind up the  
wounds of the fallen, sustain the dying upon  
her bosom, and lay the brave down to rest,  
"with all their country's honor blest." When  
the fearful pestilence hovered over a distant  
city, and shook from its wings disease and  
death—when the merry clink of the hammer  
was hushed—the hands that had so oft used  
it were nerveless—the rustling of wheels  
echoed not along those almost deserted streets,  
unless it were the funeral cart, pursuing its  
way to the place of burial, and greedy death  
insatiable for human life smote down not only  
the first born, but in many cases whole fami-  
lies, and when nearly all had forsaken the poor  
fever-scorched victim to die uncared for, woman  
forsook them not, but performed those acts of  
kindness and mercy that even an angel might  
have envied. And when the cry of suffering  
humanity burdened the wings of every breeze,  
and reached up to the ears of Jehovah, because  
of drunkenness, the ladies, still true to the  
world's interests, have manifested a desire, a  
determination, to arrest the spreading ruin.  
And it is right that she should be foremost in  
this god-like enterprise, not simply because  
she possesses the power to move the moral  
world, but because she is the greatest sufferer.  
It is upon her blushing hopes and prospects  
that the demon loves to revel—it is upon her  
sensitive, confiding heart that the viper loves  
to bury its poisonous fangs, and inflict sorrow  
and anguish, so acute that none but the drunk-  
ard's wife can know or feel. But notwithstanding  
all this I have known young ladies who  
never refuse a glass of wine when presented,  
and offer as a reason that it is no harm, it can-  
not hurt them; and to ask them to sign a tem-  
perance pledge would be offering an insult  
which could never be atoned for. Do you  
wish to see pictured in sad reality the result  
of that first wrong step? Then come with  
me to that convivial party. She is there with  
him—him to whom her heart and life are  
pledged. In obedience to the custom of the  
times, the wine cup passes around, and in-  
stead of refusing as she should have done, and  
given her decided disapprobation thereto, she  
presses it to her lips, and so does the object of  
her choice. But little did she think that it  
would be the source of all her grief and tears,  
from that fatal hour until she laid down in the  
grave—but it was so as her subsequent history  
shows. But they are now before the hymenial  
altar—the mutual pledge has been given—the  
vows are recorded in heaven, and she is now  
a bride. Two short years have fled away and  
oh! what a different picture is presented! It  
is a stormy, winter night—behold that once  
happy bride in yonder miserable hovel, shiver-  
ing over a few expiring embers. On her care-  
worn brow twine bitter weeds of untold grief—  
her cheeks, pale and haggard, bear the impress  
of sorrow's finger; over her sad, expressive  
countenance, steals the hectic blush, revealing  
the solemn truth that consumption revels on  
that delicate frame, and that soon the neglect-  
ed flower, crushed by him who should have  
preserved it by every attention, would fade  
and die. But where is he who once loved  
her, and would love her still, if the magic  
spells of the sorcerer, as first exhibited in the  
wine cup, could be torn away from him, and  
he again stand forth in the manliness of his  
heart not perverted? He is in that miserable  
grog-shop, a drunkard. But hark! A shriek  
of agony and distress mounts on the midnight

blast, and then another, yet another, piercing  
the heart not callous to human suffering with  
the keenest anguish. It comes from that sad  
hovel just referred to. The drunken husband—  
the fiend in human form—has just returned  
from his revelry, and that arm which should  
be uplifted in the defence and protection of  
that tender vine which had entwined itself  
around him, has stricken it to the earth, and  
there she lies the bleeding, dying victim to the  
influence of the wine cup.

Oh! woman, what gloom on thy sinless path,  
Man's selfish vices fling,  
His ever the maniac joys of guilt,  
But thine, alas! the sting.  
How many a gentle heart thus crush'd,  
How many a form laid low!  
Oh! the seraph's pause in their hymns of bliss,  
To weep over woman's woe.

But this beautiful banner reveals the retiring  
thunder cloud, and the bright bow of hope and  
promise, bending over its angry scowl. Twen-  
ty-five thousand men, whose duty and pleasure  
are represented in the painting before you, are  
waging war against the monster, and will con-  
tinue the battle until he shall be entirely sub-  
dued—until the serpent shall be crushed be-  
neath their feet, and the influence which binds  
them together encircle the world, and reach  
up even to the throne of God.

To you, members of the Order of the Sons  
of Temperance, although by some the object  
of scorn and derision, I would urge your duty.  
Live above suspicion; for every act of impro-  
priety, which to you may seem small and tri-  
fling, will be magnified by your enemies into  
mountains. Governed as you are by the prin-  
ciples of our holy religion, and bowing as you  
do before an altar, bearing the beautiful in-  
scription of "Love, Purity, and Fidelity," may  
we not hope that you will not only acknowl-  
edge, but practice the motto, "Hope leads,  
Love unites, and Faith strengthens us." Then  
the star of Temperance will shine brighter in  
the light of your virtues, and let the Temper-  
ance community urge what objections to the  
"Order" they may feel disposed in their blind-  
ed and misguided judgments, be not discourag-  
ed, but march forward to victory and glory.  
You are the pioneers in this great enterprise,  
and on your efforts depend the subjugation of  
the moral world; and I am certain that I do  
not hazard too much when I say, that if ever  
intemperance is driven from our world, and  
the plumes of peace and joy wave over it,  
it will be through your instrumentality, and  
that only. Men begin to see the matter in this  
light already, and thousands are flocking up  
to our beautiful temple and inquiring before  
its altar the meaning of those simple emblems,  
which, when fully informed of, and regularly  
initiated into, like the philosopher of other  
days, have cried out, "eureka—eureka," "we  
have found it, we have found it." We give  
the honor of establishing the foundation upon  
which our towering monument is based, to the  
self-sacrificing spirit of Washingtonianism;  
but we have erected the structure, placed on  
the capstone, with a shout of Grace, Grace  
unto it! 'Tis true the Washingtonians have  
accomplished much, aye, the result of the great  
good accomplished through their instrumen-  
tality, will not be ascertained until the end of  
time; but that, however splendid, was only  
the morning twilight, for when the crowning  
glory of the 19th century burst forth, it  
eclipsed all that preceded it, and like "another  
sun arisen at noon" it added additional lustre  
to the moral day, and gave more strength to  
the principles of the moral world. Do you  
now ask for our trophies? They are before  
you. And do you inquire what is our duty as  
brothers of this great family to each other, and  
to the world? You may read it in the paint-  
ing spread out, to which we ask your investi-  
gation, and challenge your scrutiny. Our duty  
to each other may be summed up in one sen-  
tence. "Love for each other's interests;" and  
our duty to the world is an exertion to save  
the poor drunkard from ruin. And although  
he may be ragged, rum-painted, and rum-bloat-  
ed, as is this poor fellow, yet we will receive  
him with open arms, and press him to our  
fellowship, and even he, "who, for the sake  
of a small pittance tempts his fellow creatures  
to destruction—he whose sole employment is  
to cut and carve as a licensed butcher the very  
heart of public peace, and domestic happiness—  
he whom death deposes to do the work of age—  
he whom the reigning furies of Hell have de-  
legated as their chief recruiting officer—even  
he, with all his sin, excites our compassion,  
and gladly would we save him from the blood-  
bought responsibilities which he invokes upon  
his own guilty head." But when we give men  
the pledge, our business does not stop there—  
we watch over and counsel them, guard them  
against dangers, and as far as we are able,  
assist in avoiding them; and if they should  
again fall victims to the destroyer, we "deal  
gently with the erring," and try by every means  
to reinstate and save. And here I will relate  
an incident which is known only to you, breth-  
ren, and that "God who seeth in secret, but  
rewards openly," which will fully sustain  
all that I have said about the advantage of the  
Order in this particular. A member violated  
the pledge more than once; consequently the  
rules of the Division were enforced, and he  
was expelled; after which he became more  
intemperate than before, and seemed rushing  
headlong into ruin. Remorse, remorse, stung  
him to madness, and in order to silence "the  
still small voice" he made an effort to stupefy  
his senses in the extravagant use of the be-  
witching draught. And then his family felt  
unkindness and neglect—the horrors of a  
drunkard's home, and the withering, burning  
blight of a drunkard's legacy seemed all that  
would shortly be left to his wife and children.  
She then addressed a letter to the Division  
which affected to tears all who heard it. She  
stated her miserable situation, in all simplici-  
ty, and with all the pathos which belongs  
alone to woman, begged that one more effort  
would be made to redeem her husband. Ac-  
cordingly, a committee was appointed to visit  
the fallen brother, of which I was the chair-  
man. It was early on Sabbath morning, when  
we went to discharge our duty. He was at  
home and we at once explained the object of  
our visit. It moved his heart, as kindness  
ever will; and I could see from the emotion

of his bosom, the suppressed tear, and the  
tremulously uttered word, that he was truly  
penitent. Overtures for his return to our fel-  
lowship were made, which were promptly  
and gladly complied with, and now he stands  
firmly on the rock of Total Abstinence, which  
no power can shake.

Deal gently with the erring—know,  
They may have sinned in vain;  
Perhaps unkindness made them so,  
Oh win them back again.

Speak gently! 'tis a little thing,  
Dropped in the heart's deep well,  
The good, the joy, which it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.

I have frequently seen men sign the Pledge  
at what are called our great Temperance meet-  
ings, and I believe that the honest purpose of  
their heart at that sacred hour, was to keep it  
inviolate; but not having any to notice them,  
or take them by the hand when the dark hour  
of trial and temptation came—none to speak  
one common word of comfort, which on the  
ear of him who thought to die unmourned,  
falls like choicest music; and feeling that they  
were outcasts, degraded beings still, the weight  
of public condemnation pressing heavy upon  
their already bruised spirits, and the scathing  
curse of the drunkard falling upon their unprotected  
heads, in the madness and remorse of  
that hour have rushed again to the wine cup  
in order to "forget dull care," and bury the  
misery and wretchedness surrounding them.  
The work of reform and the cutting loose from  
long established habits, particularly that of  
using intoxicating drinks, is a very difficult  
one; and it requires every agency to facilitate  
it. For when a man signs the declaration of  
his moral and intellectual freedom, adheres to  
it only one day, and like the maniac in the  
gospel, comes forth from the tombs clothed  
and in his right mind, he sees himself as he  
is, a poor, miserable, degraded wretch; and  
just at that eventful crisis, when the ghastly  
ghosts of butchered hours, misspent privileges,  
the remembrance of loved friends, who have  
been hurried to the grave, because of his con-  
duct, rushes back upon his mind, and tortures  
his heart, when the events of eternity loom  
up, tinged with no ray of hope, or brightened  
with no beam of promise, and he reads upon  
the burning thunderbolts of God's justice,  
"no drunkards shall inherit the kingdom of  
heaven"—oh! just then he needs the atten-  
tion of some good Samaritan to strengthen his  
resolutions and offer him some encourage-  
ment, or else he is lost, forever lost. Do you  
ask me to show you these effects of reforma-  
tion through our instrumentality, sanctioned  
by the blessings of God? Go seek out the  
track of the wild tornado, and you will see it  
all grown up with the sweetest roses of do-  
mestic bliss! Go to the poor drunkard's home,  
once desolate and cheerless, and you will see  
the hearth-stone enlivened with smiles. Go  
to the young man, the prop and hope of declin-  
ing years, once dragged down almost to the  
grave by the mighty incubus so big with utter  
ruin, and you will see him now standing erect  
in conscious dignity. Go ask the christian  
world what of the night? and the watchmen  
on its walls will respond that the day star of  
our hope has dawned. And ask in such thun-  
der tones as may reach up to the heavens, if a  
witness to the excellency of our institution is  
dwelling there? If there is one note higher  
and sweeter than all the rest echoing along  
the light concave of glory, it will be the united  
voices of redeemed thousands giving to the  
cause which we advocate the praise of their  
salvation. I have seen the poor drunkard en-  
ter the gates of the "Order," and in a few  
months have seen him stand up a christian.  
But you are still uncompromising foes, attempt-  
ing if not by a positive, a negative course, to  
crush us in our infancy. We do not expect  
anything else from men who profess not to be  
governed even by the golden rule, but you  
who assume the righteousness of that great  
teacher whose advent into our guilty world  
was sung by angels to the shepherds on the  
plains of Bethlehem more than 1800 years  
ago—you who teach the doctrine that man is  
an accountable being, and that there exists  
within him a spirit which must live on for-  
ever, from you we expect better things. And  
let me tell you, that the day of retributive  
justice will determine the amount of coloring  
your conduct in this particular has given to  
the destinies of immortal spirits. If there  
were no life eternal, no perpetual spring time,  
in some far off region, wherever it be—

Where love has put off, in the land of its birth,  
The stain it had gathered in this,  
And hoped the sweet singer, that gladdened the earth,  
Lies asleep in the bosom of bliss.

If all these soul-stirring thoughts were only  
imaginary souls, and that when man falls  
into the grave, like the leaves of autumn he  
mingles with the dust to live no more! If the  
sweet recollections of a "better land," of  
which all dreams in early years were torn  
away from your affections, you might then,  
with a callous heart, see him who in the  
brightest hour of his existence, before the gaze  
of heaven and men, pledged himself to love,  
honor, and cherish her, who gave up all for  
him, forfeit those sacred obligations, and be-  
fore the bridal flowers faded away, demon-  
like, suffer his conduct to prey upon her heart,  
yet fall of early love, until she be immolated  
upon the altar of his passions and appetite!  
You might then, with philosophic coldness,  
gaze upon the aged mother, bowed down with  
a mountain load of grief, because of the proflig-  
acy of her only son; aye, if there was no still,  
small voice within us, no divinity which makes  
man a god, and points out a hereafter, you  
might see an ocean of tears wept, and look  
upon the skies loaded with "sighs that ever  
sigh," with an infidel heart; but even then, with  
all your excuses as moral agents, and all your  
objections to the institution which I represent,  
our country holds you responsible for your con-  
duct and example, and before its tribunal you  
are to be, you shall be, judged. Some have  
predicted our downfall, but under the blessing  
of that God who rules in heaven and on the  
earth, that event will never occur; but we  
shall exist as a brotherhood so long as there is  
one drunkard unredeemed. The inveterate